

dishwasher



MUSIC TO WASH DISHES BY - VOLUME I

MUSIC

Starring: The Queers

Joe - g + v
B-Face - b
Hugh - d

Ten-Four

Tasha - b
Roger - g + v
Greggie - d
Joe - t

The High Fives

John - g + v
Chris - g + v
Jess - b
Evan - d

Scared of Chaka

Dameon - b
Jefferey - d + v
Yanul - g + v

co-starring:

702 Records

Sticker Guy Pete

Dishwasher Mag

Washer of Dishes Pete



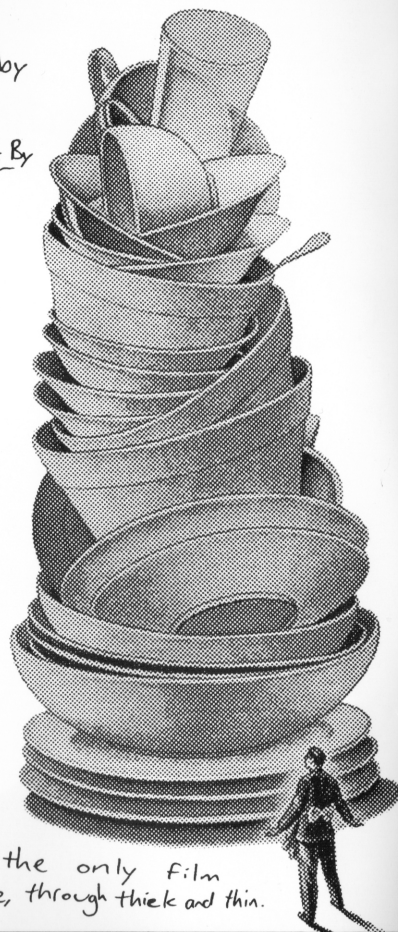
Dishwasher is a publication put out by me, Pete. It's all about dish washing. Music to Wash Dishes By is a series of compilation records - songs about washing dishes to be played while washing dishes. Now that we've got that straight, some notes:



I did the front cover and Tony Slad drew the picture on the back as well as the "Problems and Solutions" bit. (If he's not careful, some day Tony might be able to draw as good as me). Sheryl Shelf Life drew the happy dishware.



Narration on the record borrowed from "Mr. Dish Machine operator" - the only film that's always been there for me, through thick and thin.



TO WASH



If you're wondering when and where these recordings were made or who wrote, engineered, produced, or mastered these songs - well, I'm sorry but I can't tell ya. I don't know myself. No one tells me anything. This whole project has been so secretive. I didn't know about it myself until last night.

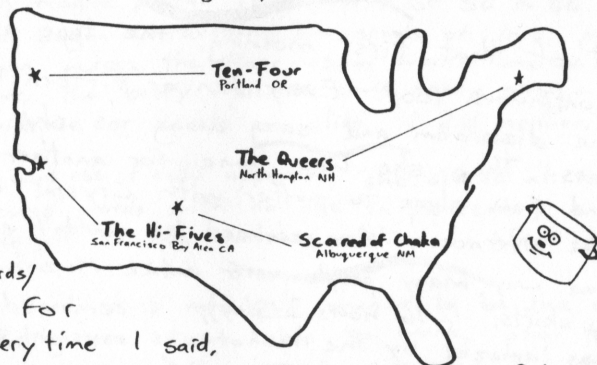


I do know this: all of these bands have other recordings available. So why don't you already have them? Write me and I'll steer you to the appropriate sources so you can get your hands on those records.



THANKS

to all the bands for not breaking up before I got the record out, and to 702 Records/Sticker Guy Pete for believing me every time I said, "It'll be in the mail tomorrow," and to Sean and Rebecca for patiently answering all my pestering questions while I put together this booklet, and especially to Jess Hilliard, who, each time I had forgotten, reminded me I was doing this record.



For a copy of this record, send \$3.00 to:

702 Records
POBox 204
Reno NV
89504

(Also, for a price listing on low-cost, high-quality vinyl stickers for all your needs, send a S.A.S.E.)

For an issue of Dishwasher, which chronicles my quest to wash dishes in all fifty states, send \$1.00 to:

Dishwasher
POBox 8213
Portland OR
97207

(For Dishwasher T-shirts, send \$5.00)



DISHES BY

Every dishwasher knows first hand of the addiction cooks have to listening to Classic Rock at work. So at a new job awhile back, I was excited to find a radio in the dishroom, seeing it as a liberation from the musical tastes of the cooks. The only problem was that a tape, one not belonging to either me or the other dishwasher Sam, was already playing. I soon learned the cassette and the radio belonged to one of the waitresses, the disturbing music the handiwork of one Crystal Gayle.

For the rest of that first morning, the tape played over and over, stuck in a continuous loop. Every ten or fifteen minutes, the waitress entered the dishroom and sang along as she dropped off a load of dirty dishes. Then she was gone for another ten or fifteen minutes, leaving me and Sam alone to suffer with Crystal Gayle. As the tape played through the afternoon, Sam claimed he couldn't even hear it, apparently in the same way many people never notice Muzak. Into the night (we were working long shifts, 12-16 hours a day), I remained fixated, amazed that no one else was amazed by the monotonous musical marathon.

On the second day, I felt confident a different tape would be played, but of course, I was wrong. Crystal Gayle's voice was already tormenting the dish room upon my arrival. This was a test, I was sure of it. Somehow, somewhere my response was being monitored, so I said not a word to the waitress. If this was a battle of the wills, then the tape could play for eternity because I

VOLUME I

was determined to not give her the satisfaction of watching me crack. There would be no grovelling and begging, I was stronger than that.

On the third day, I tried to play along, pretending to enjoy the music, humming the lyrics. But the charade failed and misery set in.

On the fourth day, I ignored the music and concentrated on the splashing sounds of the dishwasher and the rumbling noises of the dishmachine. By the afternoon, this tactic also failed.

Long ago, I had a cat who enjoyed nothing more than laying on my bed. One time, I lifted her off the bed and put her on the floor. She jumped back on the bed. I put her on the floor. She jumped back on the bed. Thirty-one times I put her on the floor and thirty-one times she jumped back on the bed. I gave up.

By the night of the fourth day, Crystal Gayle's droning voice had been inflicted on my increasingly fragile psyche for upwards of 50 to 60 hours. I cracked. I grabbed the cassette and began unravelling the spools of tape, pulling until ribbons of tape were strewn across the floor. Sam warned me of possible bodily harm since, it was true, the beefy waitress could easily snap me like a twig. With time to hide the evidence or create an alibi, I did neither. I washed dishes in peace.

When the waitress finally appeared, she stared at the mess in disbelief, shared a few curse words with no one in particular, and then, in a huff, swept the radio off to the waitress station. I hadn't realized victory would be so easy.

With this record, it is now our chance to be the ones to annoy the co-workers. Bring your turn table to work, play this record **LOUD**, exact revenge and have fun washing dishes!

—Dishwasher Pete.

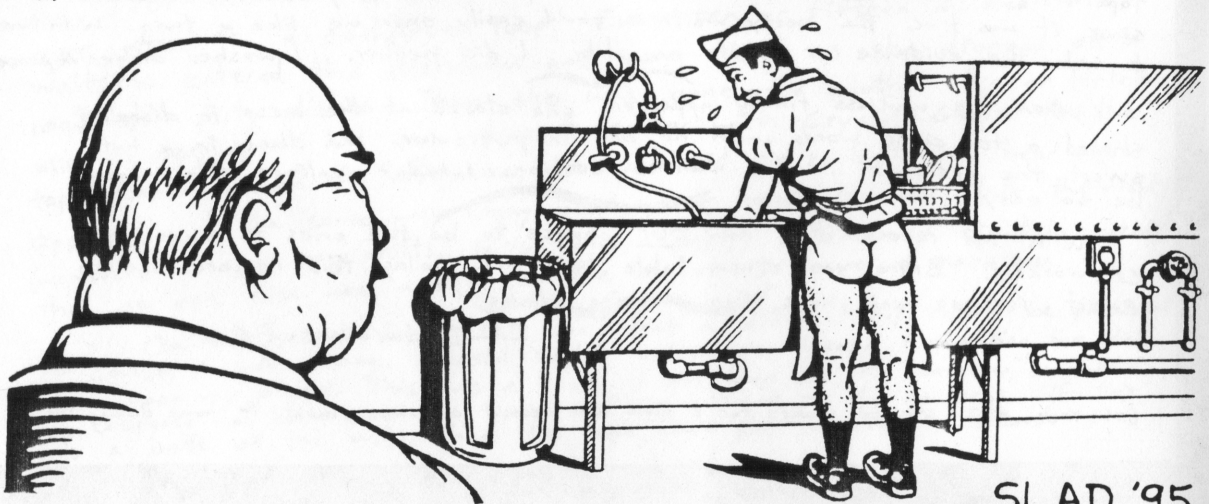
(Oh yeah, this record makes for a fine and pleasant accompaniment to home dishing too!)

COMMON DISHWASHER PROBLEMS & SOLUTIONS



PROBLEM: *You always arrive at work on time, you're courteous to your co-workers, and you perform your duties in an enthusiastic & professional manner — yet your boss seems to spend an inordinate amount of time glaring at you in a disapproving fashion.*

SOLUTION: *Oftentimes the problem is nothing more than a simple dress code infraction. Check the restaurant's employee dress policy to make sure you're in compliance.*



SLAD '95

My Life as a Pearl Diver

by Joe King

(of The Queens)

My first job as a dishwasher was at the beach. I canned \$1.10 an hour for a bunch of asshole Italians with big mouths and a disgusting propensity for eating pepperoni, onion, and olive oil sandwiches at 10:00 a.m. and then yelling orders at us dishwashers about two inches from our faces. Obnoxious assholes who shouldn't have been trusted with a paper route, much less a restaurant. Anyway I stuck



around there for a few years - just summers - til I was finally bullied into working the fry-o-la-ton. The one high point was when Mrs. DeCola was looking for food to stuff her fat face. They were too cheap to buy commercial refrigerators so we had (literally) six or seven home refrigerators on this porch section of the kitchen. None of them were grounded properly. She

opened one and then with her hand on the first one, opened the one next to it. I was the only one in the kitchen - probably thinking about smoking pot or jerking off or something equally important - when I heard this little song. It went "AAHHH—"

Anyway about the time I started to tap my beer I realized she was getting electrocuted. She couldn't move her hands but she was jumping lightly, up and down, on

each foot. I quickly came out of my reverie and ran over and with my foot lifted her left hand off the door handle. She fell straight down on her fat ass and sat there going "OH, OH." So for a week or two everybody said I saved her life and they didn't give me so much shit. But I still didn't get a raise.

The Dishwashers of Dan Billings'

(PART THREE)

A sorta not-true story
by Dishwasher Pete

"Dad, forget it, I'm not washing dishes anymore."

Dan Billings could only sigh. "Billy, I've told you a thousand times: there's absolutely nothing wrong with washing dishes."

Already Billy was wrinkling his father's master plan. The boy was to wash dishes for a couple years, and then, after graduating from high school, he would learn to cook. Eventually, according to Dan Billings' vision, the restaurant would pass from proud father to deserving son.

"Billy, washing dishes builds *character*."

"That's great, Dad," the boy yawned. "Guess I'll just have no character then." He walked to the cutting board, lifted a knife, and chopped randomly. "I'm ready to cook now."

Dan Billings was watching his son butcher a carrot when Doreen the waitress pushed through the swinging door, a haggard old man in tow. "Says he needs a job."

Looking over the prospect's tired eyes, blank expression, and broken body, Dan Billings thought, "Christ, what a specimen. He'd crumble if I put him to work."

On the verge of pleasurably dismissing the job-seeker, Dan Billings was startled by a shout: "HEE-YAW!" followed by a thud. Behind him, Billy swung the knife with two hands, bringing it down on a cucumber as if he were chopping a log. "HEE-YAW!"

Well, the boy certainly showed more enthusiasm for cooking than he ever had for dishwashing. Maybe his son *was* ready for the promotion especially since as much as Dan Billings hated to admit, the dishware hadn't exactly shined during Billy's

reign at the sinks.

"You know how to wash dishes?"

The old man nodded.

"Good," said Dan Billings, rubbing his hands, "because we can use a dishwasher."

Only a week later, Dan Billings decided he had no choice but to fire the old man. The waitresses were offended by the dishwasher's persisted silence, the cooks complained he showed them no respect, and Dan Billings himself was disturbed by how the dishwasher was often nowhere to be found only to reappear at the sinks just as suddenly as he had disappeared.

"I have to let you go," Dan Billings told him at the end of a night, handing him his pay.

The next day, the old man was at the restaurant, scrubbing the dishes as usual. Thinking the old man simply hadn't understood, Dan Billings made it more clear: "Your fired."

But the dishwasher was once again back in action the following day. "Well," Dan Billings said to himself a couple times a day, "the lord knows this place has seen worse dishwashers."

Billy, intrigued by everyone else's disdain for the dishwasher, watched the old man, wondering where he had come from, what he thought about, why he was washing dishes at such an advanced age. As Billy's interest grew, he avoided interaction with the dishwasher, feeling uneasy

about the prospect of talking to him.

With his curiosity peaking, the boy lingered in the kitchen one night, as the other employees finished up and went home. He planned to follow the old man home, to find out at least where he lived. But the dishwasher, after descending into the basement, never left the building. Billy hid in the pantry while his dad locked up, then boldly tip-toed down the basement stairs.

In a far corner, behind stacks of boxes, Billy found the dishwasher sitting quietly on the floor amongst dozens of large empty cans. Neither said anything until the dishwasher opened a can and passed it to the boy who said, "Thanks."

Having never drank clam juice before, Billy did an admirable job at keeping up with the old man. After finishing his sixth can, Billy broke the long silence. "Why's an old fart like you washing dishes?"

The dishwasher thought for a moment before beginning his reply, "Well..." As Billy leaned forward to better hear the words of wisdom, the liquids sloshed in his stomach, his vision blurred, and his head went dizzy. He struggled to his feet, raced up the stairs, and was attempting to open the back door when the eruption struck, showering the floor with clam juice and other contents from his stomach. After finally managing to pull the door open, he stumbled home.

The next day, Dan Billings stepped through the back door of the restaurant and slid across the puddle of vomit. Surprised, he looked down at the mess, and then repulsed, he turned away. What was that? Thinking he had seen an olive chunk, a sick urge overcame him to indulge in another look. Bending closer, he realized the suspected olive could have been any food substance. While reaching for the morsel to make a positive identification, the door banged open. Dan Billings bolted upright.

Stunned, he turned to face Doreen.

"Doreen, what is this?" he asked, sounding more curious than upset.

"Looks like puke to me," she said.

Dan Billings shook his head. "I can see that!" he shouted. "Now do you mind cleaning it up?"

"Ha!" she laughed, walking to the dining room door. "The day I clean up puke is the day I'm dead."

From the basement, entered the dishwasher. Dan Billings pointed to the vomit, asking, "Do you know anything about this?"

The dishwasher shook his head.

"Well, could you clean it up then?"

The dishwasher shook his head again.

"Look, either you clean it up or you're fired."

Pruning his face to show he meant business, he added, "And I mean it this time."

"Doesn't matter," the old man laughed, "I'm quitting anyways."

The sudden news struck Dan Billings. What could be wrong? Hadn't he been a good boss?

"Why?" he pleaded.

"Because you're out of clam juice," the old man said. Then he stepped over the puddle, passed Billy who now stood in the doorway, and disappeared into the alley.

Clam juice?! "That does it," Dan Billings fumed, "that guy is fired!"

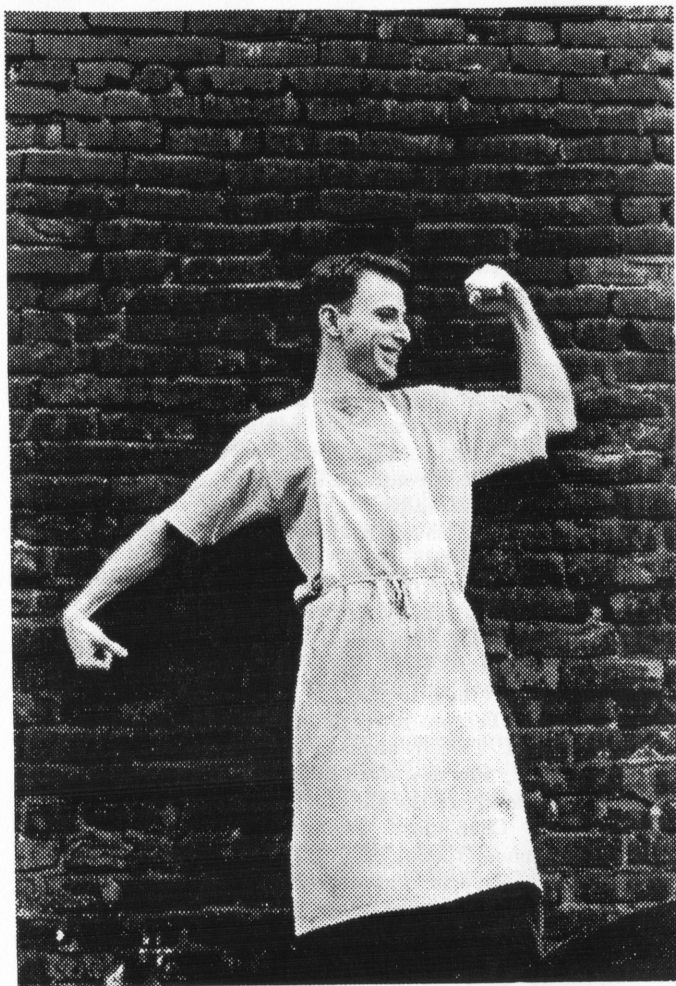
"Dad, forget the cooking," Billy said, his head still woozy. "I'm going back to washing dishes."

Washing dishes?! Maybe it would be for the best since, as much as Dan Billings hated to admit, the food hadn't exactly shined during Billy's reign in the kitchen. "Billy, I'm glad you realized some character-building is required before you can be a cook."

"No Dad," the boy said, "I've got *too much* character to be a cook."

Ignoring the comment, Dan Billings said, "Now that you're our dishwasher again, you can start by cleaning up this mess."

Billy walked to the sinks, laughing.



This is Doug. His band isn't on the record but this photo I took of him is here because I think it's neat.

Dameon Wagoner, the bass player for Sacred of Chaka, recently held a dish-washing job at a Greek restaurant in Albuquerque NM. One day, he showed up for work as usual, donning his apron, prepared to do battle. When he reached the sinks, something was wrong, some other guy was washing the dishes, Dameon's dishes. The guy said he'd just been hired to be the new dishwasher. Dameon thought this was strange because *he* was the dishwasher. Unless of course...

So that's how he found out he'd been fired. And what's worse, he was expected to *train* his replacement. So Dameon removed the apron, passed it to the guy, and left.

THE DISHWASHER AT WORK



THE DISHWASHER AT HOME

GREG DAVIS
(of Ten-Four)

Sit In My Dishwashing Chair by Jess Hilliard (of the Hi-Fives)

when i was in preschool there was this girl who was smaller than me. she was almost like a friend. she followed me around. if we had been older, it would have been a little romance but we were only about four years old, although i did have quite a fling my fifth year, but that was in a different part of town, at the babysitter's. everything back then was abstract and didn't make much sense. i wonder if it did or does for anybody else. i remember that girl following me around, never more than a few steps behind. i remember nap time, usually sleeping and loving to lay with all the other children on the floor, with the curtains closed simulating darkness, and each of us on our own little carpet square, i liked to press my cheek close against my square and make an imprint on my face, and say words like "king" and "queen" and make it seem like it wasn't me who said it. i thought about the pictures they had on the walls, as nap time was happening. there was pictures of caterpillars eating leaves, and one of praying mantises eating caterpillars, and there was fat teacher stella, who played guitar for us after nap time. there were giant blocks, a rabbit that we could feed, and a guinea pig too. i liked that one a lot, because it was a small furry pig, and the thing was, i knew what real pigs looked like, so it was kinda funny to see the guinea pig too. i remember not really enjoying a lot or making a lot of friends, but i could make paper airplanes, and one kid told me, as i was making some planes, or showing them the trick or something like that, some kid told me kind of condescendingly, "you will never make a living doing that." my only real preschool talent was stupid and fruitless in his eyes. i was going nowhere, he thought. once when teacher stella asked if we had any favorite songs we wanted to hear, i told her i wanted to hear "dueling banjos" because that was my favorite song. it was on Hee Haw. it

was a song requiring two banjos, but i didn't realize that, so i was pretty disappointed that teacher stella couldn't play my song.

Then one day I went in to go to the bathroom and I ended up looking into the toilet at my poop and there I saw some perfect little golden corn kernels, so I reached right in and picked them out, washed them, and ate them. But during the whole time I was doing it, I could never remember having eaten any corn the first time.

I never thought I'd be working again. It seemed like I was swearing how I'd never do it again, but here I am doing the most obvious of jobs and work, washing dishes. The first time I did it was several years ago in high school, at a Chinese restaurant, when I didn't even really need a job. I was just going through the process, out of curiosity. And I told myself I needed the money for dating. Well, I kind of did need it for that, but mostly for the sake of saying it and thinking I did.

The Chinese restaurant was a family business and I was the slave. They never spoke English around me, or shared their tips, and made me do all the dangerous, dirty jobs. They thought I was spending too much time in the bathroom washing up, and they wouldn't let me have the 4th of July off. It was kind of a dirty junky place and the only one who would talk to me was grandma. She was a wrinkled old prune who was tiny and hunched over her mixing bowl of pork sausage stuff that she was forming into tiny balls for frying in wontons, with her frail little hands clenching, grabbing, rolling, and forming, a mindless habit, talking to me in senile Chinese while the radio played songs like "we're not gonna take it" by Twisted Sister, right over her head. She didn't even notice the music, or understand it, or maybe she did and she liked it. The other thing about that place was I

never got any breaks and no discounts on the food and all they'd let me eat was the crackers and I pretty much had to sneak those, because they'd try charging me a quarter for them sometimes.

But now I have this new dishwashing job at a friendly vegetarian place. It's lots of work and responsibility, but sometimes there's free carrot juice and salads and tahini stir-frys and goodies involved, plus tips and my choice of music, and some interesting conversations and perspectives from the various loving but tough backgrounds of fellow workers, who all seem to love Guatemala and Fleetwood Mac. One of the first things Jeff (the guy who trained me that first night last week) told me was "you see this sink back here? that's where you puke when you come into work drunk." And then later, someone else - oh yeah, the cook - told me the same thing. Jeff has washed dishes at a million different places for a million different bosses. He kept telling me how he hates telling anybody what to do and that whatever he was telling me was probably wrong, and that I'd probably have my own way of doing things so I should just watch him and make my own decisions. He used to drink cheap wine in San Francisco, and is learning to play the saxophone, and is trying to live a streamlined shack life like I am. A brilliant dishwasher. And then there's Brian Keeney. Another really great clean dishman. I've known him for some time now. He has hair like Edith Bunker on *All in the Family* and he taught me how to drink lots of coffee, how to do the tip dance when we are rewarded our tips by the waitresses at the end of the evening, and how to warn people to "Stay away from my station!" The tip dance that Brian taught me is a grateful rain-dance sort of thing in which we take the money and stuff it behind our ears, in our noses, perched on our shoulders, or whatever, and we do a little jig for the giver of the tips. Brian says the tip dance is required for receiving tips. I chimed in how "money is worthless unless it is used properly."

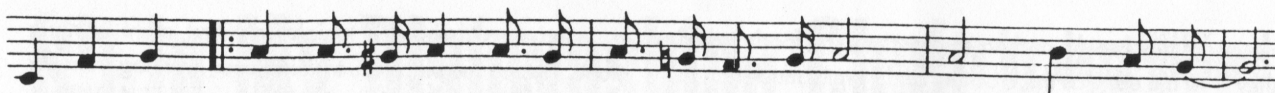
And then there was tonight, my first night working alone, closing the place up, training over, working from my memory and accord. About 10:30 pm, some little helpers came. They sang songs to me and helped clean up. It was Pete and Colleen. Colleen didn't want anything but Pete accepted a cookie when I offered it. They gave me a plastic dish of macaroni + cheese and a small baggie of cookies to tide me over for the night, and then they discreetly asked if they could help. They instantly got to work and before I could refuse or deny or explain, they had expertly done almost all of my closing chores. I watched these two tooling around the kitchen like a couple of magic cosmonauts. Shoemaker elves. Keebler elves. Good friends. The patron saints of dishwashing are all alive. You don't have to be pathetic and dead to be knighted. Brian, Jeff, Colleen...and having Pete there was like Gideon coming down from heaven to give me horn lessons. Pete is a dishwasher, but he doesn't work for anybody. Pete is the dishwashing saint. Any establishment, at any hour, he doesn't wear an apron, he doesn't need to ask or explain.

There was something about it all — the saint answers the prayer. And then after work I asked them what they were doing, and they said "walking around, praising you, following you around." "Wow, that's what I've always wanted," I said with complete sincerity. And it was true, too. And they did follow me, and they did praise me. They showed me good places to sit and think or talk with someone special — some certain high curbs that make perfect late-night benches.

I could go on and on, but that would be just bragging. Too mushy. I don't wanna get mushy. I need to stop; I need to sum up. I need to shut up. I need to submit tonight.

I was blessed by the one, the true saint of dishwasher history. Now I have the golden apron, or spatula or something.

It was like, washing stonehenge.



HEY! TURN OFF
THAT AWFUL MUSIC!

BUT IT'S THE
DISHWASHER
RECORD!

NO
SMOKING



"secret sodas"

by the Hi-Fives

sometimes it's like
meditation
squished lime, a bite
medication

how now, frowned brow,
waterlogged hoose gow
pow wow of Fast vows
epilogue: Luau!

slurping secret sodas
keeping klepto quarters
Willy Wonka wishes
Doing Dirty Dishes!
and we'll be slurping
secret sodas...

pans a mile high
must wash and dry
grand slam and why
soup's on the sly
kitchen, set of,
without damn gloves
Lawrence Welk Show
when the liquid soap blows!

The Queers

"Born to Wash Dishes"

Ten-Four

"Pete's Theme"

The High Fives

"Secret Sodas"

Scared of Chaka

"Dish Militia"

**SEVEN-O-TWO
RECORDS.**

POB 204 Reno NV 89504 USA

Sitting here, collating and stapling and folding these booklets for hours on end has me thinking about the long road this record has taken since it's unbelievable that this is actually nearly done. * The story began in 1992 when I was in New Hampshire and received a letter from Ben Weasel suggesting I look up this guy Joe King who owned a restaurant not far from where I was living. I found the restaurant but the door was locked. Peeking through the window, some guy walked up and said, "The bah don't open until fahve a'clock." He thought I was a drunk looking for a drink. Turns out this was Joe. A few weeks later, at his house, he invited me to stick around to listen to a song while his band THE QUEERS practiced. So they played a song and I clapped and then they went into another song and kept on playing. I didn't know what to do. At shows I'm sort of a wall flower, but here I was, the only audience member. Between songs all I did was clap and say "That's good" or if I was feeling a little daring: "That's really good." After they finished, Joe showed me the lyrics to a song he had written: "Born to Wash Dishes." The song so excited me, it set in motion the idea to put out a record of nothing but dishwashing songs. Though there was some plan for me to wash dishes at the blow-out at Joe's restaurant on the last night of his ownership, I left town before that could happen. * So then I was in Arcata CA talking up my plan to Jess Hilliard and he too became excited and quickly became a partner in the project. The only problem was we were both homeless, jobless, broke and on food stamps. * While passing through Albuquerque, my friend Edie told me some guys wanted to have me over to their house for dinner. The next night they cooked me dinner and I washed their dishes and then we all went bowling. I easily impressed them with my high score as they weren't aware of my tactic of getting them too drunk to bowl straight. These guys wanted me to see their band SCARED OF CHAKA play. But I would be catching a bus outa town at 7 p.m. the next night and they would be working until 6 p.m. The next day, shortly after 6 p.m., we rushed down into their basement and they cranked out a bunch of songs before I rushed off to make my bus. (O.K. so far in this story, two bands have played for me but don't get me wrong, these were rare privileges (except for maybe having seen THE BROKEN SEATS alone or that time when I won tickets to see Tragic Mulatto where my friend and I were the only audience members in the club.)) So I left Albuquerque but kept in touch with SCARED OF CHAKA. Eventually I tagged along with them on their first tour and after watching them play every night, I knew they had to be a part of the Dishwasher record (especially since Yanul wasn't too far removed from his last suds slinging job). * Back in California, a year after I first mentioned the record to Jess, we were not only homeless, jobless, and moneyless, but now we were no longer receiving food stamps. Regardless, we continued to talk about the record. And it was only natural for his band THE HI-FIVES to be involved since I'd always loved the band and it's precursors (BRENT'S TV, THE DUKES OF BURL, THE NE'ER DO WELLS, etc)

but more importantly because John Denery and I both washed dishes at the same restaurant.

* When the planning stage entered its third year, the financing remained the biggest hurdle so I was plenty grateful when someone offered to put up the money. * And then while making a late night run at a copy shop in Portland, I ran into the members of TEN-FOUR. I didn't really know them but recognized them from having seen them play a few times. They were making copies of the J-cards for their demo tape. They gave me a tape and I was ecstatic to see the thank you list read: "Thanks to everyone and to dishwashers." The invitation for them to hop on board the Dishwasher record bandwagon was immediately extended. (Old-time Dishwasher contributor Greggie is their drummer now!) * Six months later, I realized my sugar daddy didn't have the necessary funds so I decided to just raise the money myself. All I had to do was get a job and save up some cash. Alright, so maybe it wouldn't be as easy as seemed. I didn't even know how much it would cost much less know how to turn the tapes the bands had given me into vinyl, so I called my friend Pete Manchetti, the Sticker Guy, for advice since he put out records. I called him on the Fourth of July from the place I was apartment-sitting in the Lower East Side of New York City. The tenants had fled town because of the rambunctious holiday festivities in their neighborhood. Throughout the phone call, bombs exploded in the background ("KA-BOOOM!!!!") which sorta worried the Sticker Guy. "What was that?" I told him New York was under siege. Anyway, by the end of our conversation, the Sticker Guy was offering to help finance the project. Great, so then I only had to come up with half the money. I promptly went to Baltimore and checked myself into a three-part medical experiment as a human guinea pig. After the first phase, I went back to New York. On the morning of the second phase, I rode the subway to the bus station, bought a ticket to Baltimore, boarded the bus and sat down. Thirty seconds later, I stood up, got off the bus, and took the subway back to the apartment, choosing to remain with some dumb girl instead of chasing after the money. Unfortunately she said I shoulda went for the money. Dropped from the medical experiment, I tried to accept some of the creepier offers I've received concerning the zine, but was turned down. I couldn't even sell-out properly! The money seemed impossible to raise. Time passed. The Sticker Guy finally told me to not worry about the financing, he'd take care of it. Suddenly without hurdles, without hassles, I felt uneasy. All I had to do was simply send the tapes to the Sticker Guy so he could turn them into records. Of course, this daunting task took me months to complete. * So after 3 1/2 years, everything is finally coming together. I'm here in Reno and it looks like we may finish collating and stuffing these records tonight except now that I've written this explanation, we're going to have to stuff these in all 3,000 copies. Maybe I wrote this just to give myself more menial work to do since I'm not washing dishes right now. * Some bands are lined up for Volume Two and I've already begun my procrastinating.